The Great White lion vanished from the mountain

The Lion soldiers roared in fear

they stood in prides and fought in hunger

The Tigers roamed like fallen angels

the Panthers silently attacked

through the night

and the Animal kingdom

had turned feral

and in effort to restore order

the creatures built their own

kingdoms

without the Great White Lion in

charge

Water

Earth

Fire

Air

The Water nation glitzed at snow

tundras of wolves,

foxes and coyotes

The Earth Nation hammered with zeal

in Jungle kingdoms

of Gorillas and baboons

The Fire Nation Blazed with Pride

in Hot Kingdoms of Crocs and War

The Air Nation floated away from

the chaos

like Owls, Ravens and hawks

in the mysterious sky

These were the nations of the world

but it was only a matter of time

where the Great White Lion would

come

and bring redemption

Back to the world

So He stood upon the mountain.

The Great White Lion.

Silent.

Watching the fractured nations

below.

Water. Earth. Fire. Air.

Each claiming dominion.

Each building thrones.

Each calling themselves order.

And the Lion did something no creature expected.

He shaved his mane.

He humbled himself

and stepped down the mountains

towards the nations

alone

like lamb to a land of wolves

The Nations observed

The Water Nation watched first.

Wolves in snow dens.

Foxes wrapped in polished fur.

Coyotes whispering strategy.

“Who is this Lion without a mane?”

They did not bow.

They turned their cheek

The Earth Nation felt His steps.

Gorillas paused mid-hammer.

Baboons stopped mid-decree.

“Strength does not descend.

Strength conquers.”

They scoffed.

The Fire Nation hissed.

Crocs beneath molten rivers.

Scaled generals sharpening teeth.

“A king without flames?

A lion without a crown?”

They laughed.

The Air Nation circled above

yet missed tenderness

Owls tilted their heads.

Ravens watched in silence.

Hawks traced spirals in the sky.

They calculated.

and the Lion said unto them

“I have not come for the righteous

but for the sinners”

So Among The Feral

The Great White Lion walked among

them.

He did not seize territory.

He did not command armies.

He touched the wounded.

He fed the hungry.

He moved like a Humble bear

with love and endurance

spreading warmth and hope to the

lowly and hungry

He spoke of a Kingdom

not built by claws.

Some wolves softened.

Some panthers withdrew.

Some tigers trembled.

But many snarled.

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and The Dragon Watched

he circled.

His eyes like daggers once again

He remembered the Mountain.

the Throne.

And rage reignited.

“If I could not overthrow Him in glory,

I will destroy Him in weakness.”

He stirred the Fire Nation.

He gathered the strength of the Earth thrones.

He sharpened the claws of the Water dens.

He whispered to the birds of the Air

Fear spread.

“If this Lion unites them,

our kingdom collapses.”

They seized Him.

Not because He failed.

But because he refused to fight

like them.

The Great White Lion did not

resist.

The wolves expected Beauty.

The crocs expected fire.

The gorillas expected force.

The Owls expected Order

But he yielded.

And the nations thought they had won.

The Dragon grinned.

For a moment.

They lifted Him high.

on a wall of shame

they nailed his paws to the brim

And the sky dimmed again.

yet glowed brighter